

Liana Mirila

Rego Park, NY

September 9, 2016

Honorable Colleen McMahon
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
United States Court House
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge McMahon,

I am Moshe Mirilashvili's older sister. Since Moshe's indictment in December 2014, I lost my older sister, younger brother and unfortunately now, my husband just a few days ago. I am in anguish over the deaths of my most beloved husband and siblings and the incarceration of now my only remaining sibling, Moshe. Not having Moshe by my side, as he had always been his entire life, in mourning and grieving my husband and siblings has made these already difficult times horrific.

I am 74 years old and a medical doctor. I work part time, due to my health, age and because I had to care for my bed ridden husband before he passed.

This is a very hard letter for me to write, because the nightmare my siblings and I lived through with my father is haunting me again. Moshe and I grew up together in the Republic of Georgia. We were four young siblings when everything from our home was confiscated and our father was taken away from us due to religious persecution, and then killed in prison. As a family, we were always proud of our religion, believing strongly in our faith and openly celebrating it. My father was a man of great character, strength and stature. He was renowned for his generosity, philanthropy and overall greatness. Out of all four siblings, Moshe most resembles our father – both physically and personally.

Moshe was 12 and I was 19 when our father was taken out of our home right before our eyes. Throughout this horrible nightmare my bond with my baby brother became even stronger, we have always had a special love for each other. Even though Moshe was the youngest, somehow he was our guiding light. His young, sweet, innocent and caring personality was what got us through so much hardship. He was our baby in the family, so we all felt we had to protect him. However, as time passed, it was Moshe who ended up being our protector. My older sister and I got married, my other brother had moved out, but it was Moshe that never left our mother's side. There was something about him that made us feel that everything is and would always be ok. That's just the type of personality he has. We always relied on him in every way. Supporting his community in every way he could meant so much to Moshe. For him, it was always about

giving back to those who needed it the most. He was always helping those who did not have money for medical care. If anyone in the community needed help my brother Moshe was always there for them, especially emotionally - sometimes just emotional support means a lot to a person when they have a sick family member. Moshe's reputation in our community is known to be a kind and charitable man. He is loved and respected by all who know him.

My brother Moshe is a dedicated husband, father, grandfather, father- in-law, son-in-law, and of course brother. His family means the world to him, especially his wife, daughters and granddaughters. For Moshe, seeing the pain and suffering his family is going through because of his indictment and incarceration is crushing.

When we all came to this country in 1974 Moshe and his wife Dali took our mother in and she lived with them and they took the best care of her. My husband was always working, taking on odd jobs to put food on the table, and Moshe always looked out for me. He knew it would have been hard for me to look after our mother, so he took it upon himself to take her in.

When my youngest son moved to Israel and became a Rabbi, Moshe would always send him money to help him support his family and would send money to support my son with his religious studies. A few years back my son was publishing a book with a highly reputable Rabbi in Israel. My brother Moshe donated money to help get the book published.

Moshe was by my side the whole time. He supported me, my children and my husband through it all. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] times. He was always making sure I was ok. He was always calling my son in Israel to let him know how I was recovering. He was always a father figure to my children.

In May I lost my other younger brother Dr. Boris Benson. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] his death was unexpected. Both Boris and I were heartbroken when we found out about Moshe's incarceration. Our childhood nightmares came back to haunt us again. In my heart, I believe Moshe's pain and suffering ended Boris's life so suddenly.

Moshe means everything to our family. When our older sister passed away a few months ago I couldn't believe the strength Moshe showed to his family. While he was the one suffering inside from his indictment, he put all that behind him and stood by us every way.

Your Honor, I need my brother so much. I have no one left. My husband, sister and brother are dead and Moshe is in jail. I am not healthy myself. Not having Moshe by our side at my brother's funeral crushed my heart. Moshe did not have a chance to say goodbye to his brother, he didn't have a chance to eulogize his brother, he didn't have a chance to bury his brother, and he didn't have a chance to sit shiva for his brother - something that Moshe was religiously obligated to do. Because of the grave circumstances, we couldn't even bring ourselves to tell Moshe of his brother's passing until most recently, when Moshe's incessant questioning about

his brother and why he had not seen or heard from his brother since May left us with no choice but to share the awful news with him. Words cannot describe that ordeal and Moshe's reaction once he learned his brother had passed. Moshe had to be told of his brother's death on a visiting day with other inmates and visitors around him - he and we sobbed endlessly. Unfortunately, that has not ended for any of us.

I know Moshe was different since he was indicted back in December of 2014. He never left his home anymore, only a handful of times since the awful day. I know deep down how remorseful and ashamed he felt because of the pain he was putting his family through.

Your Honor, I pray every day to G-d that you have mercy on my brother when passing sentence. I fear that my 68 year old brother will die in prison, like my father. I don't want this nightmare to end the same way it ended for my father. I want to wake up from this nightmare and see Moshe back home with his family. You are our last hope. I trust in you and rely on your humility.

Thank you,



Dr. Liana Mirila